



INCREDIBLE

APPEARS
IN THE
SUNDAY
EVENING
EDITION

52.50
PER
YEAR

100

SCIENCE FICTION



ORIGINAL EC COMICS FROM THE 1950s!



INCREDIBLE



0.11

MAY

200

2⁷⁵

CANADA

SCIENCE FICTION



BIG MOMENT

THERE WERE MANY SCATTERED THINGS LEFT, STRUGGLING TO SURVIVE AGAINST THE GREAT BEAST... AND OF ALL... THE GREAT BEASTS THE HUNTING GATS WERE THE WORST. WE TO COME FROM THE WEST, WHO FOLLOWED THE SUN... AND A NOTE... BUT SOMETIMES, IT IS NOT EASY TO KILL... A HOPK ALIVE... WHEN THE CAT POUNDED THE TREE... SCATTERED IN FLEEING... FOR NO MAN IN LIVING MEMORY HAD EVER KILLED ONE OF THESE BEASTS WHOSE BORN THE EARTH... THE BEASTS... THAT SHOW BIGGER, CENTURY BY CENTURY, WHILE MAN REMAINS AS HE HAS ALWAYS BEEN...



"FIGHT! STAND AND FIGHT! IF WE SEPARATE, WE'LL BE HUNTED DOWN... ONE BY ONE!"

AT FIRST THE MEMBERS OF MY TRIBE PAN, BUT AT MY COMMAND, THEY STOPPED AND TURNED TO FACE THE GAT. THEY WERE THERE, THEIR EYES, SHEDDING THEIR ARROWS AT THE CROUCHING BEAST...



FIGHTING, HARASSING BY OUR WEAPONS, THE HUNTING CAT TURNED AND LOPED OFF...



MARK SHOOK HIS HEAD. ALL THROUGH OUR THE-
 ENT, HE HAD KILLED AND THROD... FIGHTING
 TO THE BOLD OF IT. HE WOULD HAVE LIKED TO
 HAVE KILLED ME AND RETURNED WITH THE TIGER TO
 THE MOUNTAIN. BUT I WAS THE CHILD, AND
 STRONG. AND MARK LACKED THE COURAGE...



IT HAD NOT BEEN A MAN-MADE BOMB WHICH HAD DEVA-
 STATED EARTH. THE DESTRUCTION HAD COME FROM
 SPACE... FIFTY METERS... SHOWERING DOWN UPON
 EARTH...



TWO MORE! TWO MORE!
 GARY! AND JOHN! WE
 FOR A MOMENT A MOMENT
 AT LEAST IN THE MOUNTAIN
 WITH THE OTHER THINGS
 THERE WAS OVER
 OFFERED...

AND WE, TWO IN THE MOUNTAIN
 AT LEAST IN THE MOUNTAIN
 WE WOULD BE WELL
 ONLY ABOUT...



WE HAD OUR DEAD AND WREST IN... DUST MOUNTAIN, IN A
 WORLD SHOWERING WIND... A GREAT WORLD... AND I THOUGHT
 AS WE WALKED BY HOW IT HAD BEEN... THE OTHERS THE
 OLD ONES TOLD... OF THAT DAY LONG AGO...



AND AFTER THE METEOR SHOWER, THERE'D BEEN THE RADI-
 ATION... THE UNSEEN FORCE WHICH OLD STRANGE THINGS TO
 THE LIFE ON EARTH...



THE MOUNT OF IT. MAN HAD FEARED... FEARED MUTATION... FEARED THAT HE WOULD CHANGE... BUT IT HAD NOT BEEN SO. AND THAT HAD BEEN MAN'S CURSE...



MAN, IT SEEMED, ALONE REMAINED UNTOUCHED BY THE RADIATION, WHILE THE BEASTS AND THE TREES, AND THE BIRDS JOINED THEM, WITH EACH SUCCEEDED GENERATION.



MAN HAD BECOME THE HUNTER, AND IN HIS FEARS, HE HAD LOST HIS SOUL, HIS RUN TO THE FUTURE, BUT HE HAD A SOUL. IT REMEMBERED THE OLD DAYS, TALKED, PISSED DOWN THROUGH THE JEES...



LONG AGO, MAN HAD OUTLAWED WAR, AND IN A PLACE CALLED N'OM, MAN'S MIGHTY WEAPONS HAD BEEN GATHERED AND STORED. IT'S REMEMBERED THE TALKER, AND SHE SAYS, WHEN I'D BECOME CHIEF, I'D GATHERED MY TRIBE AROUND ME...

I SAY... AND HERE WE ARE AGAIN! HERE WE SHOULD REMEMBER WHY SHOULD WE SCATTER OUR BONES ALONG THE TRAILS LASH? WHY SHOULD WE GO INTO THE UNKNOWN, AHEAD... PREY FOR THE GIANT BEASTS THAT LIE IN WAIT??



MARE, OUR PEOPLE, HAD BEEN AGAINST IT FROM THE START, BUT I'D SPEAK...

WITH THESE WEAPONS, MAN COULD BE GREAT AGAIN! SOME WILL GET ALONG THE WAY, BUT THOSE WHO LIVE WILL BE MASTERS OF THE EARTH AND WORDS AS MEN WERE MEANT TO BE!



SO THAT ONE DAY, WE WENT TO JAMPER BE AFRAID, HUNTED BY THE GIANT BEASTS. WITHOUT WEAPONS, WE ARE NOTHING! LESS THAN NOTHING! BUT IN THE EAST, IN THE RUINS OF THE CITY N'OM, ARE THE WEAPONS OF OUR ANCESTORS...



MY WORDS HAD INFLAMED THE TRIBE, AND SO MARK HAD LEFT, BUT ON THE NEARNESS OF THE WAY, THE PAIN, THE LUPPING GENT...



EVEN THE TINY LIZARDS HAD GROWN. MEN HAD BECOME
THE FLIES THEY ONCE HUNTED...



EVEN THE CREATURES OF THE RIVERS AND LAKES HAD
BECOME HUNGRY. THEY'D UPSET OUR CALM RAFTS TIME
AND AGAIN...



WE MARKED OUR WAY WITH OUR LOST COMPANIONS. BUT
WE WENT ON...



WE'D BEEN MORE THAN A HUNDRED, AND NOW WE WERE
LESS THAN FIFTY. AND TWO LONG YEARS LAY BEFORE
US. THE MEN FIRST HAD CHARGED. THEY'D BECOME
SCREAMING DEER. BUT STILL, WE'D GIVEN ON...



SO FEW OF US REMAINED AT LAST. BUT I DROVE THEM
ON, TOWARD THAT SPARKY MIGHTY WHEN WE WOULD
REBUILD THE WEAPONS OF OUR ANCESTORS AND BECOME
STRONG AGAIN. ACROSS THE BURNING RIVERS, THE
GIANT FORESTS, THE DRY PLACES...



AND HOW MANY TIMES I'D THOUGHT... WHY? WHY HAD
MAN BEEN CREATED? WHY HAD ALL THE WORLD
CHANGED? MUTATED? GROWN. BUT NOT MAN? WHY
HAD MAN ALONE REMAINED UNTOUCHED?



I THOUGHT MY THOUGHTS, AND SOMEBODY, THE OTHER-
 SIDE WAS A LITTLE WHITER. MY THING WAS ALWAYS THE
 MORE THAT SHE WOULD. AND THEN, ONE DAY...



I DON'T KNOW, I DON'T

IT DOESN'T. THERE IS A CITY
 BY THE SEA. BUT AS THE OLD MEN
 TOLD US IT. AND WEARY WE CAN
 REACH IT BY JETSETTER!

NO MORE
 WAIT?



WE WILL GO! I WILL GO
 TO THE CITY. I DON'T KNOW
 WHAT MAY BE HAPPENING THERE. I
 WILL BEAT THE WEATHER AND
 RETURN.



I WENT ALONE. NO FEAR OF US
 REMAINED. IF DEATH WOULD COME
 THAT ONE SHOULD MEET IT. I WASN'T
 BUT I DID NOT FIND DEATH...



INSTEAD, I FOUND DEATH. I
 DROPPED ON THE GROUND FOR
 WHICH I LIVED. WHO ASKED IN MY
 MOUTH. WHEN I TOOK THE WEAPON
 I WASN'T. I DID NOT KNOW. I TURNED
 AWAY... BACK INSIDE...



I LEFT THE CITY BACK. BUT, ON THE WAY BACK, I SAW...



ANDREW! ANDREW!

MADE? WHY ARE YOU HERE?
 THE FIRST? WHY IS THE
 BEST OF THE FIGHT?

DEAD... DEAD...



DEAD! ALL - DEAD!
 IT WAS AWFULLY AWFULL!

DEAD... DEAD...

I HEARD MARK'S WORDS AND YET I COULD NOT BELIEVE FOR MYSELF. I KNEW THAT IT WAS BETTER THIS WAY...



WHAT... WHAT HAPPENED?

POORFEST THEY ATTACKED OUR CAMP

MARK TOLD ME HOW THE HUNT WOULD HAVE COME... FOR THE TIME HAD TRIED TO FIGHT THEM OFF WITH ITS PURE WEAPONS... AND NOW HE ALONE HAD ESCAPED...



FOR THOUGHT THEY WERE NOT I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BUT IT IS NOT YOU I HATE, IT IS THE BEASTS, THE BASTARD BEASTS, AND THE TRICK OF NATURE THAT KEPT US UNARMED WHILE THEY WERE LAUGHING

WE ARE THE LAST OF OUR KIND, ANDER, BUT THERE ARE OTHERS. WE CAN JOIN THEM, WE CAN WIN YET...



THE WEAPONS? DID YOU FIND THE WEAPONS, ANDER?



I FOUND THEM, MARK! COME! I WILL SHOW YOU

I TOLD HIM ONLY THAT, AND SO HE WENT ON RACING! HE WENT ON RACING ON FEELING THE EARTH OF THE MOUNTAINOUSNESS, BUT HE KNEW LESS AS WE SEARCHED THE CITY...



HE SPoke NOT AT ALL TOWARD THE END, WHEN I LED HIM TO THE GREAT ARSENAL, HE WAS SILENT...



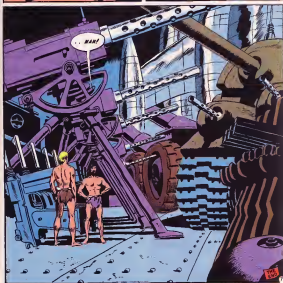
THE WEAPONS WERE THERE... TOGETHER WITH THE GREAT ARSENAL, HE WAS SILENT... GREAT LUMBERING MACHINES OF DESTRUCTION...



THE WEAPONS WOULD TAKE THEIR ALLOY METAL, STILL BRIGHT. THEY WERE THERE IN TEN THOUSANDS AND TENS OF THOUSANDS, BUT MAN WOULD NEVER USE THEM! MAN WOULD HAVE TO FIND ANOTHER WAY...



IT WAS NOT THE AGENTS WHO WERE MISTAKEN! THE TRUTH, THE AGENTS, THE AGENTS ARE AS THEY ALWAYS HAVE BEEN. ONLY THE RING OF LIFE HAS CHANGED, DOWN THROUGH THE MESS.



THE ENTERTAINMENT BOX

FAR AND AWAY is an exceptional collection of stories, written and selected by a master of his trade. Anthony Boucher is equally famous as editor of *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* and as author of some of the best imaginative fiction being produced.

The eleven tales in this book have a range as wide as the author's fancy—he starts with an extraordinary detective story in San Francisco, moves on to an incident involving two army chaplains on active duty on Mars, back to a very small demon in a biochemist's lab, a national election result that seems to get changed, an author who sends a lethal review copy to a writer of scathing reviews. No matter where Mr. Boucher goes, he sees something just a little bit different from what we expect to be shown, making his book one that is full of small surprises. His skillful propositioning of fun, of fantasy, and of fine-pointed wit makes this one of the most entertaining collections we have seen for some time. It is published by Ballantine Books, in a 35c paperback edition.

GLADIATOR-AT-LAW is another successful result of the collaboration of Frederik Pohl and Cyril M. Kornbluth, whose series, **THE SPACE MERCHANTS** deals so effectively with the advertising world. In their current effort, the authors tackle the worlds of law, housing, entertainment, and Wall Street. Just how they manage to strike home so often in all these directions at once is a feat best explained by an expert juggler. The fact that they do it so well has enabled them to present once again a biting satire, written with all the excitement and intensity that those familiar with the team have come to expect.

This is another Ballantine Book, paperbound, 35c.

In **REBIRTH**, author John Wyndham imagines a post-apocalyptic world. This is a world left in both physical and intellectual tatters: isolated groups of people live in widely separated oases on a radio-active earth. They have, in some instances, some memory of pre-apocalyptic technology, but they lack materials with which to work. The struggle for survival is complicated by frequent and bizarre mutations which appear in life forms.

The obvious analogy with the Salem witch-hunts and the general emotional climate of Puritan New England helps make this make-believe world startlingly real and credible. The reader becomes absorbed in the story, and is willing to accept the members of this strangely primitive society who will save it in spite of itself. Mr. Wyndham tells a fascinating story, and he tells it well. Published by Ballantine Books, in a 35c paperback edition.

THE COMPLETE E. C. CHECKLIST, compiled by Fred Von Bornewitz, is a remarkable little pamphlet. In it, the E. C. fan can find the name of every story E. C. ever turned out, listed by title and issue, along with the name of the artist who drew it. Also included are a Ray Bradbury index, an Eando Binder index, and a listing of the biographies of the artists. The price for the **CHECKLIST** is 25c . . . which also includes yearly supplements. (E. C. is in no way connected with this enterprise . . . but we highly recommend the **CHECKLIST** to the serious E. C. collector.) Send your quarters to:

Fred Von Bornewitz

KALEIDOSCOPE

THAT'S HOW IT LOOKED... LIKE A KALEIDOSCOPE... THE CHILD'S TOY IN WHICH BITS AND PIECES OF COLORED GLASS JOIN TOGETHER AND ARE WINNOWED INTO BEAUTIFUL PATTERNS. ONLY ON THE VIEW-SCREEN, THE PATTERNS WERE NOT RANDOM. THE COLORS WERE THE COLORS OF WAR... THE RED AND THE YELLOW AND THE ORANGE FLASHED AS THE FUGITIVE SHIPS WERE HIT, AND DAVIS SAT AT THE CONTROLS AND LAUGHED WITH THE SHEER SAVAGE JOY OF IT. HIS LIFE CAME BACK FROM YELLOWED TEETH, AND THE LIGHT IN HIS EYES WAS THE SUDDEN LIGHT OF THE ORANGE HE HAD FLASHED FOR THIRTY YEARS... THE DREAM OF FREEDOM.



THE KALEIDOSCOPE WHIRLED, SPUN. DAVIS WAS OLD, AND YET IT SEEMED TO HIM THAT THE PATTERN ON HIS VIEW-SCREEN REMAINED... TO A TIME LONG AGO... WHEN HE'D BEEN YOUNG...



IT SEEMED TO DAVIS THAT HE SAW OTHER SHIPS... EARTH SHIPS. THAT THERE HAD BEEN MANY EARTH SHIPS... LONG AGO... BUT THE REMAINS OF SHIPS HAD COME, AND IT HAD BEEN AS IF THE VIEW-SCREEN HAD PLAYED COLOR IN A DREAM KALEIDOSCOPE...



THE EARTH SHIPS HAD DIED. THIRTY YEARS AGO, BUT CASEY STILL REMEMBERED. AND NOW HIS CHILDREN OF FREEDOM WAS DRIVING THEM ON THE SCREEN, IN RED... ORANGE... YELLOW... IN EXPLODING COLORS...



THIS IS FOR EARTH... FOR ALL THAT YOU'VE TAKEN AWAY FROM IT... FOR ITS PEOPLE... FOR THE HUMAN RACE YOU'VE BRUNG INTO BEING...



THERE WAS NO ONE TO STOP HIM NOW. THE VENUSIAN FLEET WAS GONE, BECAUSE THE ROCKET THAT DAVID FLEW WAS IMPENETRABLE...



AND DAVID LAUGHED AS THE VENUSIAN SHIPS FLARED. MAN WAS NOT FINISHED. NOT YET! THE PICTURE FADED. THE BITS AND PIECES WAVED AND ALTARED IN HIS MIND. THE MEMORIES CAME BACK...



THAT PICTURE... THE DESTRUCTION OF EARTH'S LAST ROCKET. WAS THE WORST TO REMEMBER. DAVID HAD LOVED THE ROCKETS, AND HAD LOVED EARTH. BUT VENUS WOULD PAY NOW. AT LAST...



AS THE SWEETNESS OF IT. AFTER THIRTY YEARS OF PLANNING. THIRTY YEARS OF WORKING. AFTER THIRTY YEARS OF DREAMING...



AT FIRST, IT HAD SEEMED SO HOPEFUL. WAM HAD BEEN RECALLED BY THE VENUSIANS, FORCED TO WORK TO UNCOVER UNDER THE ROBOT OVERSEER. MANY HAD SPOKEN, BUT DAVIS HAD NOT SPOKEN...

SOMEDAY, THERE HAD BEEN JUST A SLAM OF WORDS, THEN, BUT EYES SLAMMED MUST FIRST. IT HAD SEEN ON A BEST DAY THAT DAVIS HAD FOUND THE HOOKET...



ANDY PLEASE! DON'T! GO BACK TO WORK. THEY'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE AS LONG AS YOU GO ON WORKING AND PRO-BACKING FOR THEIR VENUSIAN MASTERS.

ALL RIGHT, JENN. ALL RIGHT. BUT... SOME DAY THINGS WILL BE DIFFERENT.



HE'S WANDERING ALONE, BEYOND THE ENDLESS PLANTATIONS. ON FIRST DAYS, THE HOOKET, ROBERT CAN, WOULD GO IN A HEN HOUSE AND TRY THERE HAD BEEN A SLAM OF BRIGHT ON WITH...

THE HOOKET HAD STOOD AND THE THREE, FORGOTTEN, UNFOLDING. AND DAVIS HAD TO LOOK INTO SLAMMING ALLOY DOWN TERRIBLY, FORCED NOT CONTROLL...

AND HE'D WENT, BUT THERE WOULD NOT BE WITH DAVIS'S ROSE, SO HE'D GONE TO THE OTHERS...



AND DON'T... ABOUT ALL OF THE PERMANENT DAVIS, YOU'RE READY? IT'S A DREAM!

A DREAM THAT WE CAN MAKE COME TRUE? LAYING, YOU WERE A SCIENTIST ONCE, BEFORE DAVIS WAS CONSIDERED. YOU WERE EXPERIMENTING WITH A SHIELD?

A PERIOD SHIELD, BUT NO WEAPON COULD HAVE PENETRATED IT! BUT TO COLLAPSE A SHIP WITH SUCH A SHIELD WOULD BE A MASSIVE PROBLEM. MATERIALS.

THIS WILL GET THEM SOMEBODY?

THE HOOKET IS WAITING! I WON'T FORGET WHAT DAVIS IT MATTER IS SOME SPONGE IN THE AFTERMATH? WE'RE LIVING DEAD AS-IS! AT LEAST WE CAN TRY!



IT'S A DREAM... BUT AT LEAST WE CAN TRY!

DAVIS TOUCHED HIS CONTROLS. THAT POSITION OF THE RAIL GUNSCOPE WAS FAR ABOVE... LONG AGO, BUT THE FRONT OF IT WAS NOT... NOW.



THE WORK WAS THEN SLIGHTLY REORIENTED. MRS. HAD ONE TO GET. BITS OF METAL, TOOLS, SCRAP OF WOOD, BUT THE WORK WAS DONE ON . . .

NO. 1007 R. JOSEFF PFF AND IT 8007 PFF THE
OTHER SECTIONS OF THE FIELD-PROJECTOR TO A
TO PLANT OF TWO PFF-RESEARCHERS



London had fallen, his heart
bursting under the strain...

WE'VE AGAIN TAKEN
WEIGHT LOSS FOR
SERIOUS. WE'VE
MADE IT OUR
TOP PRIORITY.

100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
 DON'T RISK YOUR MONEY
 HAVE THE FLAVOR!
 WHAT IS IT AND WHY
 WANT TO GET IT NOW

AND SO IT HAD GONE ON. THE YEARS HAD PASTED ONE LONG SLUR, ONE BY ONE, THE OTHERS HAD PASTED

MY BROTHER LEFT? I'M THE ONLY
ONE LEFT TO WORK ON THE PROJECT
NOW BUT I'LL HOLD MY OWN IF
I HAVE TO.



WENDELL CRIES OUT TO CAPTAIN AS HE'S DOWN THE ROCKET, AND THE LEADING FLAMES ARE THE FULLY-BURNED BOTS IN THEIR LONG TRAIL OF SMOKE IN THE DIST.

IT'S AFRICAN PEOPLE WE CAN'T CONTROL WE CAN'T CONTROL HIGH DENSITY ALIENS IN AN OPEN FORM WE CAN'T MATCHING WITH SOME PEOPLE

IF THE CASE IS TRUE
THE ALLEGED CASE
FINDS A WAY TO
PROVE IT TO THE PUBLIC



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JAMES HAD STOPPED BELIEVING IN
DAVID'S DREAM BY THEN. THEY ALL
HAD, BUT THERE' BEEN WINDS! ALL
OF THEM!



THE LAST PULSE OF THE BATTERY HAD BEEN SHOT ALONG WHEN HE WAS READY. DAVIS HAD GONE TO THE DEEP AND LIFTED HIS LAST ROPE TOWARD THE SKY...



HIS FELT THE THROUST AS FORTUNE WAS BURNING HIS FINAL ROPE, AND THEN THERE WAS SPACE, BLESSED SPACE, AND THE VENUSIAN SHIP WHICH PATROLLED EARTH WAS IN HIS SIGHTS...



THE SHIP IS WORKING! LAUGHINGLY WHISTLED TOM AND THE MOST FAMOUS IT'S WORKING! DAVIS STILL HAD A CHANCE!



THE PATROL SHIP'S SHOTS HAD BEEN INEFFECTIVE AGAINST THE ROCKET'S PROTECTIVE SHIELD AND DAVIS HAD BLASTED IT OUT OF THE SKY...



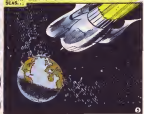
A CHANCE? EARTH HAD HAD MORE THAN A CHANCE. THE ROCKET HAD BEEN AN EXTERMINATING ANGEL. IT HAD BURST THE INFINITE MILES ACROSS SPACE, TO VENUS ITSELF.



THE KALIDSCOPE HAD BLOSSOMED THEN. RED, YELLOW, ORANGE, AND DAVIS HAD LAUGHED...



NOW IT WAS DONE. WITHOUT THEIR MASTERS THE ROCKET WOULD FALL. VENUS WAS A SHORIAN BOAT, BACK TO EARTH! BACK TO THE GREEN HILLS AND THE CLEAN BLUE SKY...



THESE WERE COLORS A MAN COULD LOVE. EARTH COLORS. BODY COLORS. THE HEART BEAT AND SOUL OF SAM'S PATTERN OF DREAMS...



DAVE WAS TIRED, BUT HIS HANDS WERE STEADY ON THE CONTROLS. THE ROCKET REVLED HEAVILY, AND THE TASTE OF HIS VICTORY WAS LIPS MORE...



AMBY AMBY... ARE YOU IN THE NET?

JANE'S VOICE. BARKS AT IVONNE UNPOISED THE GREAT HARKNESS...



AMBY PARROT YOU GAVE THEM FROM IRELAND!

DAVE WHEN JANE HADN'T COME, SHE DISOBEYED THE MOMENT. THE COLORS WERE SHIFTING AGAIN, BECOMING DULL... GREY...



AMBY AMBY WOULD YOU JUMP LEARN? DO YOU WANT THE ROBOTS TO PURSUE US AGAIN?

NO... NO, DARNED NOT!

BUT EVEN IF THEY DID... IT WOULD BE WORTH IT! IT WAS JUST LIKE A... A RAINBOW... JANE: YOU KNOW YOU LOOK INTO IT... AND YOU CAN SEE ANYTHING YOU WANT TO SEE, IN THE COLORS.



AND THIS MAKES ABOUT THREE TIMES WHEN YOU'VE CHASED AMBY. IF THE ROBOTS SEE IF YOU HAVE YOU AMBY WHAT WILL HAPPEN?

YOU AND THAT IMMAGINATION OF YOURS? SOMETIMES I THINK YOU CAN'T TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN DREAMS AND REALITY. NOW COME ALOH.



DAVE SMILED. THE AIR HAD TURNED CHILLY. JANE, BRILLIANT OF COURSE, BUT REALITY WAS TOUGH, AND THE DREAM WAS SO WONDERFUL. IT WAS BETTER. TO DREAM...

... I ONLY HOPE THE ROBOTS HAVEN'T MISSED US. PLAYING WITH THAT OLD MAN... I DON'T WANT IT... PRETENDING IT CAN FLY!



THE END

ONE WAY HERO

THE ROCKETS SET BEHIND YOU, THEIR NOSES POINTED TO THE DISTANT STARS, AND YOU CAN STILL TRUST TO THE POWER AND BEAUTY OF THEM... BUT TONIGHT YOU DON'T LOOK BACK... YOU STRIDE MAID LIKE A COMPOSER, THEN AND FIRST IN YOUR... BUT TOMORROW SUNDAY'S UNIFORM, AND SIX HOURS OF PLEASURE LIE AHEAD OF YOU. IT WILL BE SIX HOURS BEFORE THE "STARLADY" BEGINS TO TAKE ON HER GARIO.



YOU KNOW THE WAY TO THE BLUE-HEM, BRASS-LEGGED MARTIAN CITY... TO THE STAINED LIONS AND THE SAT PLACES, AND EVERY AFTERNOON GLANCE, EVERY ENVOY STARE IS LIKE NINE.

YOUR UNIFORM IS THE MARK OF A MAN... EVEN THE BULL-LIKE MARTIAN NEED TO GET USED TO YOU... AND THEN, SUDDENLY, SOMETHING STARS AT YOUR NOSE...



W-H-O? I JUST THOUGHT... WHO-DEAR? SOMEONE THE MAN AT THAT TABLE. THE FRODO ONE...



W-H-O? JOHNNY BARTON? YOU WOULDN'T KNOW HIM? NOT UNLESS YOU SHIPPED ON THE SPACE OCEAN. SHE DUMPED HIM HERE A WHILE BACK. ANOTHER ONE-WAY TRIP!

JOHNNY JOINT? YOUR HEART SAYS HIS NAME. FOR THIS IS YOUR BROTHER. HIS BLOOD IS YOUR BLOOD. THE BOY YOU KNEW HAS BECOME THIS... AN OUTCAST... A CREATURE OF CONFLICT.



W-H-O? I DON'T KNOW HIM. BUT I'M A GOOD CREATURE. I WOULD LIKE TO TELL ME ABOUT HIM.



HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW YOU. HE DOESN'T EVEN ASK HOW YOU KNOW HIS NAME. HE'S FAN GONE LOW, BUT YOU PRETEND NOT TO NOTICE. IT'S BETTER THIS WAY...



HE TALK ME, JOHNNY BUT WE CAN'T ALL BE LUCKY. ALL A MAN CAN DO IS TRY IF SPACE LIKES HIM, THAT'S THE LACK OF THE GARD!

I... I DON'T... I... I WONDER WHAT MARY WOULD SAY IF HE SAW ME NOW. MAYBE YOU KNOW MARY, SPACEMAN? MARY BARTON IS MY BROTHER...

TELL YOUR YEAH YEAR. I'D LIKE TO TELL SOMEBODY. IT HELPS TO TALK. NOT WANT LISTEN TO MY KING.



YOU KNOW WHAT HE MEANS. HIS KING ARE FAILURES. MISHA... THE MEN SHOWN BY SPACE. YOUR EVENINGS PLEASE... ARE IS SOME, NOW. NOT WHAT DOES THAT MATTER?



HE. HE'S A MAN, MARY IS THAT... FUNKY, ISN'T IT? HE WENT INTO SPACE SIX YEARS AGO... TO ALPHAS CENTAURI. HE'LL BE ON HIS WAY HOME NOW, BUT I'LL STAY HERE... FOREVER... BECAUSE OF MARY.

AT FIRST, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. BUT THE FALTERING VOICE GOES ON. IT SPEAKS OF A DAY SIX YEARS AGO, AND YOU UNDERSTAND.



TAKE CARE OF MARY, JOHNNY AND DON'T FORGET ME!

I WON'T FORGET YOU, MARY! HOW COULD I? YOU'RE A SPACEMAN!

...SOMEONE... IT'S NOT A SPECIALIST, FOR... MOTHER
...LINE MARY... ..



OTHER EQUIPMENT IS
NON BRAT YOU WOULD
EXPERIENCE AT TWENTY-
SEVEN THOUSAND FEET.
SAVED. HOW DO YOU
FEEL?

1 FEB.
1968, 11
AM. ST. ST.
TUES. 11.
1968.

WELL, I THINK WE
WILL FIND THE
TRAINING OF A
SPECIMAN. I
WILL GO WITH
YOU. THAT'S
A GOOD IDEA.
DON'T YOU

I'M NOT
 LAUGHING
 ABOUT IT. WE
 DON'T WANT
 HAPPINESS
 IF THAT'S
 ALL YOU
 KNOW, BUT
 YOU'LL FEEL
 BETTER IF
 YOU TRY.

NO. NOT AN FIVE.
AT FIRST I WAS ONLY
GLAD. GLAD THAT
MART WOULD BE
PART OF ME. GLAD
THAT I WAS GOING INTO
SPACE AT LAST.

THAT ONE, I WOULDN'T BE LIKE MARTIN! FOR
KNOW HOW TO BE SPACEMAN. IT GETS TO BE LIKE A
FEVER...THE MORE...THE YEARNING FOR SPACE.
AND I HAVE IT.



"FROM NOW ON, I'M LIKE YOU. I BEEN WANTING, AND WHEN THE WORLD MOANED... WHEN I FELT THE THIRST, I FELT LIKE SHOUTING WITH THE AN OF IT."

"THAT'S WHEN IT HAPPENED. SUD-DELY, IT WAS QUIET. WE'D GAINED THOUGHT, WE'D GOTTEN OUTWARD, FASTER AND FASTER. AND WE'D LEFT THE SOUND OF OUR THOUGHTS BEHIND US. IT WAS THAT AWFUL SILENCE..."

"FOUR YEARS... FOUR YEARS OF TRAMPING... OF DREAMING... AND IT ENDED LIKE THAT. A POCKET. IT WAS THE SILENCE... KNOWING WE WERE ALIVE... AND YET NOTHINGNESS... A SCREAMING SILENCE..."



"QUIET... IT'S SO... QUIET..."

"DON'T DRAP OUT OF IT! LET'S GO! STRAPS OFF!"



"BARTER... IF ALL OF US I NEVER THOUGHT HE'D SPEAK, WE GET HIM LOOKS AND HOLD HIM! WE'RE IN FREE-FALL..."



"GET HIM! I'VE BEEN SPACE FRONT BEFORE! HE'LL GO TO PIECES!"



"I KNOW FREE-FALL BEFORE. SIMULATED FREE FALL. BUT THIS WAS NO FLIGHT. THERE WAS NO UP OR DOWN AND NO THERE... IT WAS TOO BIG... IT WAS JUST TOO BIG..."

"NO! LET ME GO!"



"I SAW THE UNIVERSE SPINNING IN THAT AWFUL SILENCE, AND I LOST CONTROL. I KICKED BACK. I WALKED IN NOTHINGNESS. BRIGHTER, CRAZIER..."

"GRAB HIM! HE'LL NO! NO! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!"



"TURN BACK! SO LONG, TURN BACK! WE DON'T BELONG OUT THERE! TURN BACK!... SOH... SOH..."

"THEN, SOMEBODY WAS OUT..."



"THEY LOOKED ME UP, SPACEMAN, AND I DID A THOUSAND DEATHS... THE PAIN WAS LIKE SOMETHING ALIVE INSIDE ME..."



"I CRIED LIKE A BABY... ALL THE WAY TO MARS..."



"...AND THE SHIP WENT ON WITHOUT ME. AFTER IT REACHED HERE, THEY LEFT ME FOR THE FLYING 'DEADS'..."

"WELL, SURELY IT'S UP TO YOU! THERE'S A JOBBY LEAVING FOR EARTH IN TWO DAYS. YOU CAN BE JACK. YOU CAN GO HOME... IF YOU WANT TO!"

"OO... HOME? GO... BUT THERE AREN'T TWO THAT SUFFERED THAT PAINFUL!"



"NO! NO! I COULDN'T! NO... I COULDN'T..."



"SO I STAYED HERE. I AM TO. I WILL STAY TO GO BACK. I DREAM ABOUT EARTH, SOMETIMES... ABOUT MOM AND MARY. BUT I KNOW. I KNOW I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO GO BACK. NEVER..."



"NO, JOHNNY WILL NEVER GO BACK. YOU KNOW ABOUT THESE THINGS. YOU SIT BEHIND WHEN HE'S GONE..."

"SO THAT'S THE STORY, SPACEMAN, WHEN YOU GOING TO LEAVE?"

"LAUREY I THINK I'D RATHER TRY TO HELPED JOHNNY FOR YOUR ANOTHER'S CASE. IF NOT FOR YOUR OWN? ONE SPACEMAN DOING A FAVOR FOR ANOTHER..."





IT'S LIKE I SAID, JOHNNY. IF SPACE
LEAVE'S A PART OF THE
GAME... I DON'T THINK YOU LEFT
ALL YOUR NERVE OUT THERE IN
SPACE.



MADE THAT FAITH, BUT THERE
ARE JOBS OUT THERE FOR THE
WOMEN. A MAN CAN WORK, MANLY.
SETTLE DOWN. YOUR LIFE DOESN'T
HAVE TO END HERE. IT CAN...
BEGIN HERE.



YOU TALK FROM YOUR HEART. FOR A
LONG TIME, BECAUSE THIS IS YOUR
BROTHER WHO INCLUDES YOU... FROM
YOU LONG... AND YOU WERE AT LEAST A
SMALL, WITHOUT...

I HAVE TO LEAVE
NOW, JOHNNY. BUT
WELL, YOU AT LEAST
KNOW
I DON'T KNOW
WHY YOU CARE
ABOUT ME, BUT...
FORGIVE SPACE-
MAN, I'M GOING

YOU WANT TO STAY, BUT THERE'S A ROCKET WAITING, SO
YOU LEAVE, AND GOING WAY BACK TO THE ROCKET PORT.
YOU WANT, YOU WANT THAT JOHNNY WILL FIND HIS WAY.



HELLO, BROTHER, YOU'RE LATE? BETTER GET A
MOVE ON. THE ROCKETPORT IS ALREADY LOADING
FOR TAKEOFF...

YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT THE SCENE LATER, AT THE
HALL, AND YOU WOULDN'T CARE IF YOU DID. YOUR
THOUGHTS ARE ALL WITH JOHNNY...



JOHNNY! DIDN'T I SEE A SPACE-
MAN COME THROUGH HERE A FEW
MINUTES AGO. I'M CHECKING ON
MY CAMERA. I WAS WONDERING IF HE
WAS ONE OF THEM.

JOHNNY NO, SIR!
THAT WAS JOHNNY
BARTER? HE
WORKS HERE!
LEAVE BARTER!



HE PUTS ON THAT SPACEMAN'S UNIFORM NOW AND
THEN, BUT HE'S NOT A SPACEMAN. HE'S NOT A SPACEMAN.
NOT ANY MORE. HE'S COMING IN ON HIS
FIVE YEARS AGO... AFTER HE CRACKED UP IN
SPACE. JUST ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE ONE-ARMED MEN.

SMALL WORLD

Mason watched Sanders covertly. Any moment now, it would happen. At any moment Sanders would lose what little control was left to him and then either he or Mason would be lifeless on the empty sands of Mars, beside the rocket ship which had brought them here.

For the thousandth time Mason cursed the dead, empty barrenness which was Mars—and the luck which had placed Sanders beside him on the first manned flight to Mars. Of all the men on Earth it had had to be Sanders! Sanders, who had begun to crack up, only halfway out, from the intolerable vastness and nothingness of space. Sanders, who when they were still in the ship, after they had landed, had begun to whine, "There will be something here, won't there, Mason? Life! Some kind of life! Any kind! This loneliness—it's more than a man can bear! I—I don't think I could stand it if there was just—nothing!"

At first, there had been hope to keep Sanders' reason from shattering. They'd unloaded the tracked sand-car from the ship and set off across the flat red plains knowing that sooner or later they'd find someone or something. They'd clattered off into Mars' silence with whoops and shouts. They'd made it to Mars! The first! But Mars had clamped a great fist of desolation around their hearts. Her twin moons had been staring eyes, mocking their anticipations.

Three weeks and—nothing. Sand. Desolation. Curse Mars! Curse it for being empty! Curse it for not having somewhere, somehow, sometime managed to create life.

In the end they'd crawled back to the ship. Not speaking. In the end Sanders had pleaded with Mason to blast off. Now! Before the

emptiness drove him mad! But that would have been suicide. There was their trajectory to map, the proper moment to wait for . . . In the end Sanders had screamed and rushed to the controls, and Mason had had to slam a fist to Sanders' jaw.

Sanders had subsided. But this morning, one of the ship's two automatics had been missing.

Mason waited, the second automatic in the pocket of his coveralls, his hand on it. With luck, he could disarm Sanders. . .

Sanders charged, the stolen gun in his hand. But he was beyond all reason. He had reversed the weapon, held it like a club. This would be easy. Mason waited, sidestepped, swung a fist—and Sanders catapulted along, slammed head first into the metal side of the ship.

It was an accident. Mason wept when he realized the truth. But it didn't help much. Sanders was dead.

Mason buried him, on lonely Mars.

The weeks after were a horror. But they passed. One day, Mason went to Sanders' grave to murmur a prayer. Then he returned to the ship. He stood with one foot on the first run of the ascent ladder, turned for one final look at Mars. He shook his fist at it. At its bleakness, at its lack of life. There was nothing on Mars. Nothing but heat and cold and barrenness. He climbed into the ship, actuated the controls, rose on a pillar of flame. . .

. . . never knew that just before he set foot on the ladder his heel crashed an entire city; never knew that the gravel his foot crunched was composed of microscopic soaring rivers and tiny, delicate homes, and utter men. Mars had not been empty. But it was—now.

24

AN EYE FOR AN EYE

25

YOU RUN...WILDLY...DESPERATELY...YOU AND YOUR MATE. YOU RACE ALONG THROUGH THE FOREST ON WINGS OF BLIND TERROR. THE PINES, MISHAPOEN BY A THOUSAND YEARS OF INSANE EVOLUTION, TEAR AT YOUR FLESH. AND THEN YOU SEE IT...AHEAD...YOUR SANCTUARY. THERE, IN THE OVERGROWN MUD-MEN CAN HIDE...MAYBE! EVEN AS YOU RUN, THE WORD SENDS IN YOUR HEAD. YES, THERE ARE TRUE MEN IN THE WORLD STILL. MEN LIKE YOU. AND THE HORRORS, LIKE THOSE THAT BAY AT YOUR HEELS NOW, HAVE NOT YET INHERITED THE EARTH...

**KILL THEM! KILL THEM!
KILL THE FREAKS!**



SO MANY TIMES BEFORE, YOU STOOD AMONG THESE OVERGROWN MUDS AND WONDERS. WHAT HAD IT BEEN LIKE THIS CITY, BEFORE THE KILLING FIRES? BUT NOW, THERE IS NO TIME FOR WONDERS. YOU MUST FIND REFUGE. THE TINY OPENING YOU ONCE FOUND IN THAT PILE OF RUBBLE...

OH HERE! QUICKLY!



YOU AND YOUR MATE SUCK INTO THE DAVE-LIKE SPACE IN THE HUGE PILE OF TUMBLER STONES. YOU STAND OUT THROUGH THE VINES DANGLING OVER THE OPENING...YOUR BOWS AND ARROWS READY...



THE LIZARD THINGS FACE FIRST, BUT YOU AND YOUR WIFE DO NOT CARE MORE. YOU WAIT... AND THE HOURS ARE LONG. AND AS YOU WAIT, YOU DREAM, AND AFTER A WHILE, IT SEEMS TO YOU THAT THE DEAD CITY OUTSIDE YOUR SANCTUARY BEGINS TO STIR...



FIRST, THERE HAD BEEN THE KILLING FIRES, AND THEN... THE GREATER HORROR... THE NEWLY BORN. AFTER THE HOLOCAUST, THE CHILDREN OF MEN HAD NOT BEEN AS THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN. THEY WERE... DIFFERENT...

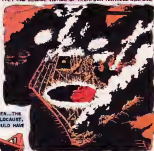
NO? NO? MURDERERS? MY BABY CAN'T HELP THE WAY HE WAS BORN...



MAN HAD TRIED TO SAVE HIMSELF. THE FIRST MURDERERS HAD BEEN DESTROYED. BUT THERE HAD BEEN TOO MANY WHO HAD LOVED THEIR YOUNG NOT WISELY BUT TOO WELL. THERE HAD BEEN THOSE WHO HAD FLED THE RUINED CITIES THAT THEIR MONSTER-CHILDREN MIGHT LIVE...



THE TRIBAL LEGENDS DRAFT THROUGH YOUR MIND... HOW ONCE THE CITY TOWERED TO THE CLOUDS... HOW MEN HAD BUILT AND MADE GREAT AND WONDERFUL THINGS... NOW, IN THE END, THEY HAD BECOME VICTIMS OF THEIR OWN TERRIBLE MISTAKE.



AND SO, THE EARTH HAD BECOME PEOPLED BY SCATTERED BANDS OF MONSTROSITIES. MAN HAD INSTINCTIVELY REMAINED NEAR THE CITIES, BUT THE OTHERS HAD BECOME NOMADS... LIKE THE LIZARD-CREATURES WHO HAD STUMBLERD ON YOUR WATER-HOLE THAT MORNING...



THEY'RE SPRING FROM THEIR HIDING PLACES SCREAMING THEIR BLOOD-LIST CRIES AND BRANDISHING THEIR WEAPONS...

YOU'D HAVE TIME FOR ONLY ONE ARROW, WHICH FOUND ITS MARK. THEN YOU'D TURNED AROUND...



LITA! BEHIND YOU! LOOK OUT!



RUN, LITA!

SO YOU AND YOUR MATE HAD RACED IN BLIND TERROR... THEIR SHRIEKS OF "FREAKS!" DINING IN YOUR EARS... THEY'VE CALLED YOU "FREAKS" ONE DAY THEY WOULD LEARN WHO WERE THE TRUE MEN... TO THEIR SORROW! BUT NOW, YOUR DREAM DIES... THE CITY IS DEAD RUIN-LYING WHITE AND STILL IN THE NIGHT...



COME, LITA! WE MUST RETURN TO THE TAYRES! WE MUST WARN THE OTHERS OF THESE CREATURES WHO HAVE WANDERED INTO OUR FOREST!

YOU WALK WEARILY, AWARE OF EVERY SIGHT AND SOUND BEFORE YOU AND BEHIND YOU... MOST TIMES, YOU HAVE LEARNED DEATH STROKES FROM BEHIND, SO IT IS THE BACKTALK YOU SCAR MOST ANXIOUSLY... AT LAST, YOU REACH THE TRIBAL CAMP SAFELY, ONLY TO FIND



SASP...

"THE LIZARD-THINGS" THEY WERE HERE!

YOUR MATE COMES INTO YOUR ARMS TREMULING...

THEY... THEY WILL HUNT US DOWN ALSO, SO-SAY? I AM AFRAID!

I... I KNOW! WE WILL HAVE TO LEAVE THE FOREST! THE TALES TELL OF OTHER TRIBES OF FINE MEN TO THE WEST! WITH THEM, WE WOULD BE SAFE!



LEAVE? NO-NOT!! BUT WE HAVE NEVER LEFT THE FOREST... WHO KNOWS WHAT WE WILL FIND?

WE HAVE NO CHOICE! TWO OF US WOULD HAVE NO CHOICE AGAINST THE LIZARDS! IF THERE ARE MEN TO THE WEST, THEY MIGHT HELP US!



YOU STAND IN YOUR SILENT FOREST THAT SUR-
ROUNDS YOUR DEAD TRAIL, CAMP AND YOU NOW...

WE WILL **COME BACK!** ONE DAY WE WILL **SHOW**
THE VENERB THAT CRAWL, THE EARTH WHO ARE THE
MEN WHO WHO ARE THE FREAKS!



BY MORNING, YOU ARE FAR OUT ON THE FLAT PLAIN.
YOUR MUSCLES ACHE WITH FATIGUE BUT YOU DARE
NOT REST! YOU GO ON... AND SUDDENLY, YOU CATCH A
FLASH OF MOVEMENT BEHIND YOU...



THEY ARE UPON YOU SILENTLY AND YOUR
ARROW NEEDS ITS MARK... YOU SEE LITA
STRUCK DOWN BRUTALLY...



...AND YOU SHAKE YOUR FIST AT THE DARKNESS. AND YOU
THINK BLACK THOUGHTS OF VENGEANCE. THEN YOU TAKE
TO THE TRAIL... FOR TO LINGER IS DEATH... EVEN FOR A
TRUE WAR...



THE THINGS COME ON MONSTROUS LEAPS... LONG-LEGGED
THINGS WITH BODIES LIKE REEDS. THEY COME LIKE BART
INSECTS AND THEIR WORDS ARE THE SAME WORDS THAT
THE LIZARD-THINGS HAD SHRIEKED...



KILL THEM!
KILL THE FREAKS!

IN THAT MOMENT, YOUR HEART BREAKS. LITA
FALLS AND YOU KNOW THAT YOUR MATE IS
DEAD. THE RAGE FLOWS OVER YOU IN A RED
FLOOD...

BUT THE STREDBLE
IS HOPELESS. A CLUB
BIPS INTO YOUR SCALE



THEN THERE IS ONLY BLACKNESS. YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN THE INSECT THINGS LEAVE YOU FOR DEAD. YOU DO NOT SEE THE CARRION-EATERS HOVERING ABOVE YOU OR DARK BLACK WINGS...



YOU RAISE YOURSELF WEAKLY, REACHING FOR YOUR KNIFE... AS ONE OF THE HORRIBLE MONSTERS SPOONS DOWN...



SOON, IT LIES DEAD AT YOUR FEET. THE OTHERS ABOVE WING OFF, SCREAMING...



YOU KNOW NOTHING. FIRST THERE IS A BLAZING AND THEN THERE IS THE THROBBING, AGONYING PAIN, AND THEN YOU ARE AWARE OF THE CREATURES ABOVE YOU BUT YOU ARE NOT YET CARRION...



YOU STRUGGLE WITH IT, FEELING ITS TALONS RIPPING INTO YOUR FLESH, DRIVING YOUR KNIFE INTO ITS FEATHER-BRED CHEST AGAIN AND AGAIN...



THE CARRION-EATER BECOMES CARRION. THE BIRD IS FOOD AND YOU FIND WATER NEARBY. FOR DAYS YOU LIVE IN A DARKEN WORLD, NURSING YOUR WOUNDS. YOU DREAM VAGUELY OF VENGEANCE UNTIL AT LAST YOUR STRENGTH RETURNS AND YOU TAKE TO THE TRAIL, ONCE MORE.



YOU COVER LIFE'S BODY WITH STONES AND YOU MOVE ON TOWARD THE WEST, AND YOU STILL DREAM YOUR DREAMS OF HOW IT WILL BE WHEN MEN ONCE MORE RULE THE EARTH... EVEN THOUGH, FOR NOW, THE DREAM MUST REMAIN A DREAM...



A DOZEN TIMES YOUR SENSES SAVE YOU... A DOZEN TIMES, YOU SMILE... YOU HIDE... UNTIL AT LAST YOU SEE THE BROKEN OUTLINE OF ANOTHER RUINED CITY ON THE HORIZON, YOU PURR WILDLY TOWARD IT...



YOU COME TO THE BANKS OF A MIGHTY RIVER. THE RUINED CITY LIES BEYOND. YOU MOVE ALONG ITS SHORES, SEARCHING FOR A WAY TO CROSS. AND THEN, AFTER BREAK THROUGH A SMALL GROVE OF TREES, YOU SEE IT... THE CAMP... THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN...

MENT FROE MEN... LIKE MYSELF THE TRIBAL TALES WERE CORRECT!



YOU START TOWARD THEM, WAVING YOUR ARMS JOYFULLY. THEY TURN TOWARD YOU, STARTLED...

AND THEN, SUDDENLY, THE MEN ARE SCRAMBLING FOR THEIR WEAPONS... THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN DIVING INTO THE RIVER...

HELLO-O-OP



NO! DO NOT BE AFRAID!



THE YOUNG... THE AGED... THE WOMEN FLEE TO THE RIVER, THE MEN GRAB UP THEIR WEAPONS AND START TOWARD YOU. YOU CANNOT UNDERSTAND. YOU RAISE YOUR EMPTY HANDS... STOP... STAND STILL... AND WAIT.



MEN? Suddenly you know why the river is their refuge. They are close enough for you to see their bells now... their flat faces without nostrils... their telescope eyes... their webbed fingers. And it is too late.



BUT YOU DO NOT LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS, IT IS AS IF EVERY MUSCLE IN YOUR BODY IS PARALYZED. YOU LIE THERE, FACE DOWN, AND THE FISH-CREATURES STAND OVER YOU... SPEARS RAISED...



NOW THEY ARE RUNNING AT YOU... COMING CLOSER... CLOSER ENOUGH FOR YOU TO SEE...



YOUR KNIFE FALLS FROM YOUR NOYRLESS FINGERS AS A RIVER BIRD STUNS FROM A SEABEED SLING. OPDS YOU LIKE A FILLED TREE. YOU WITCH FORWARD, GAZEING...



YOU WATCH... FASCINATED... WAITING FOR DEATH. AND SOMEDAY, EVEN THEN, THE PRIDE PERSISTS IN YOU. AT LEAST YOU DIE A **MAN!** YOU'VE NOT A **FREAK!** LIKE **FRANK!** YOU LIE THERE, FACE DOWN IN THE RIVER BANK MUD, AND YOU WATCH AS THE SPEAR COMES DOWN. AND YOU DON'T EVEN **ZEARN!** YOUR THIRD EYE.



THE
END